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## Fort Steele

W. Dale Nelson

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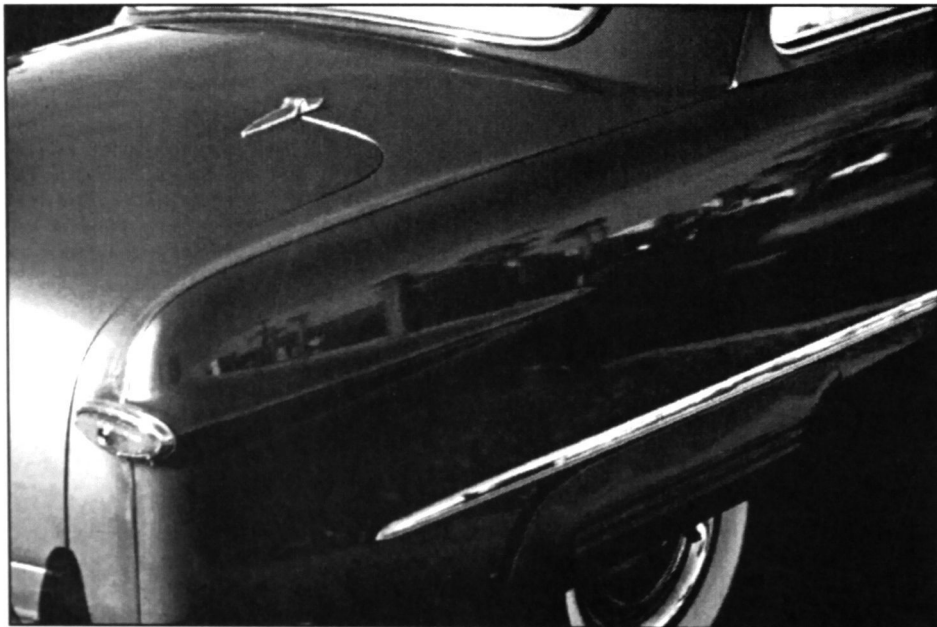
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# Fort Steele

by W. Dale Nelson

No one is dressed in living history  
here. A sign says few developments.  
It is interesting because it is melancholy.  
Cars from Kansas, cars from Maryland, turn tail.  
Too far, this walk under the railroad tracks  
to ruins. Where the bridge tender watched the one rail  
he could see, a chain link fence warns: city property,  
keep out. Beyond a rusted stove, the Platte  
runs naked. Whistles blow. There is not enough money  
for more, for history to make its statement.  
Here, history is a ruined stove, is illness, boredom,  
finally is death. A storm develops, moments  
away. When we go back, our lives will be the same.  
A sagebrush wind is blowing across time.



*Photo by Neal Rue*